

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cosper.*



MR. O'DOHERTY IN THE MAGISTERIAL PRESENCE OF MR. ULICK WADDELL.

THE FOSTER-BROTHERS OF DOON.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.
CHAPTER XLIII.—A FRENCH ALARM.

MR. WADDELL was very fond of what he called summary justice. It suited his quick temper exactly to catch, convict, and chastise a "croppy" within the hour, if practicable, and to be himself captor, judge, and jury. Consequently, when he reached his abode, and had provided himself with some disinfectant against the dreaded typhus, he constituted himself into a court of justice without delay, though the hour was midnight, and commanded the prisoner to be brought before him.

The magistrate and his three satellite companions sat at the dining-room table, which bore the usual burden of punch-jugs and claret; also the pen and ink-bottle of the establishment, and a large ledger, loosely scrawled over in the very indifferent handwriting of the secretary-satellite. Herein a sort of record of Mr. Ulick Waddell's magisterial performances was kept; and the size of the volume had considerable effect in awing the vulgar. The very fact of the writing going on before their eyes—stereotyping their offences, as it were—struck the weak-minded among them with a sort of despair. Another imposing effect was produced by the yeoman cavalry

uniform in which Mr. Waddell always appeared on such occasions—the heavy sword, helmet, jack-boots, and buckskin breeches, with a black stock of great stiffness and discomfort to the throat.

So the first sight that met the shivering vision of the Philomath as he was ushered over the threshold, was the *coup-d'œil* of sword, helmet, and punch-jag grouped in front on the shining mahogany, and Mr. Waddell's face over them (somewhat in the manner of a crest over a coat of arms), rather purpler than usual, and with vengeful eyes. He could not forget his late exposure to infection, and its possible results; for which, in reality, would the prisoner be punished, rather than for the more venial offence of "croppysm."

Some papers were produced as having been found in the pockets of Mr. O'Doherty—a bundle of dirty-looking ballads, printed on the coarsest discoloured paper, and a few manuscripts. The ballads looked as if they had been in the fire and snapped out of it ere they began to blaze: which was indeed the truth, as the Philomath had endeavoured thus to destroy them; but the vigilance of his guards intercepted the intention. And Mr. O'Doherty gave himself up for lost thenceforth, with as good grace as a man could who was fond of his life.

Mr. Waddell opened the parcel, and drew out one long strip. "A rebelly song, I'll be bound," says he, holding the paper at a certain focus, like a person not very well accustomed to reading. "What! the 'Shan van vocht'—look, O'Brien, isn't the chorus the 'Shan van vocht'?" The most rebelly chorus in creation, isn't it, O'Brien? who echoed that it was, and, at his superior's bidding, read aloud some of the verses: we give the verse second to that quoted in the last chapter.

"Where will the Frenchmen have their camp? says the Shan van vocht;

Where will they have their camp? says the Shan van vocht,
On the Curragh of Kildare:
The boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair, says the Shan van vocht."

Further, the ballad goes on to promise the presence of "Lord Edward" on the Curragh, and predicts that the yeomen would throw off the "red and blue" in favour of the "immortal green." All present were greatly horrified, more especially the prisoner; who indeed had best reason, seeing that the ballad was likely to work most immediate consequences in his own case.

"Now, sir," says the magistrate, fiercely eyeing him, "what have you to say for yourself? How did you come in possession of these seditious and rebelly songs? If you were a loyal subject of his Majesty's, you would never have kept such things in your pocket an instant. You would fling them out like—like scorpions," concluded Mr. Waddell, with a very indistinct idea of what a scorpion was.

The Philomath, in sore dismay, cleared his throat, and put up his rope-tied hands to his mouth as he did so. A line of defence did not immediately present itself to his terrified imagination.

"I would just compendiously obsarve, most honourable sirs," he began, with one of his usual low bows, to the four gentlemen who were sitting in judgment on him, and whom he saw through the mist of immeasurable social distance at that moment, poor man—"I would just compendiously obsarve, that it is a new thing to have persons of our peaceful and literarious profession, teachers of the seven sciences, and Philomaths by name, charged with the heinous criminality—"

"Do you mean to deny, sir, that these rebelly ballads were found in your pockets?" shouted the magistrate, who understood about every third word of the defence.

"Allow me to ask your honourable person to use a

suspension of judgment till I elucidate my signification," said Mr. O'Doherty, with a shiver of his little spirit within him. "I cannot deny—"

"Listen to that, 'I cannot deny'—put that down, O'Brien: you see he admits it."

The unfortunate schoolmaster turned of a greenish hue.

"I beg your most honourable pardon," stammered he; "but—but—I didn't elucidate strictly what it was I couldn't deny. I meant to declare that I hadn't a thought of disrespectful disloyalty against his most noble Majesty George the Third—"

"How came you to have the ballads in your pocket, sir?" shouted Mr. Waddell, conscious that this was the strong point of the prosecution.

"As I was animadverting, most honourable genteels"—with another bow to the punch-drinkers—"a man can't always tell what's in his pocket." Mr. O'Doherty was fast descending from his stilts into the vulgarest vernacular, as his fright deepened. He told a circumstantial tale of how he came by the ballads, not one word of which was true, and not one word of which was believed.

"You haven't looked at these letters, Waddell: there might be something of consequence in them," says the secretary-satellite.

The first written paper was a list of names. "Most likely the Defenders and Wreckers of Wexford," says Mr. Waddell gloatingly. "Dick's Shamus—Jack's Pandh's Mogue—false names, I'll be bound; but we'll wring the truth out of him—"

"Most noble genteels, that's only an enumeration of my poor school," eagerly put in the prisoner. "The boys that I'm learnin' in the seven sciences of minsuration, navigation—"

"Hold your tongue," roared the magistrate, "and spare your breath for the triangle, where you'll want it, every puff." He was additionally exasperated by finding some girls' names farther down on the list, which corroborated the schoolmaster's statement, and proved the mare's nest a nothing.

"But here's something!"

Mr. Waddell gazed at the outspread letter very unintelligently. It was written in a foreign language.

"Why, that's—that's—" he hesitated, and looked to his underlings for relief.

"French, I'm certain," says the chief satellite.

"French!" Both raised their eyes simultaneously to the countenance of the culprit. Some very odd expression passed across that disk; it might have been almost a smile; but his circumstances were too tremendous.

"That letter, most noble sirs, if you will allow me to elucidate, is a communication in the Latin tongue, received from my friend and brother Philomath, the O'Kennedy of Youghal, only yesterday."

"Latin! That's just as bad as French; but I don't believe a word of it," said Mr. Waddell. Whereupon the three satellites echoed, "I don't believe a word of it," and composed themselves to look wise after their various manners, and passed the letter from one to the other, each shaking his head dubiously in turn.

"Will you swear, sir, that it isn't a treasonable correspondence in French, kept up for a treasonable and rebelly purpose?" asked Mr. Waddell. "Why need an honest man write an honest letter in any language but his own? All those foreign lingoes are suspicious and rebelly. Will you swear, sir?"

"Oh, with all the pleasure in life," said Mr. O'Doherty quickly. "Any oath you please, most honourable gen-

teels; but if there's any one here—any noble gentleman that understands the ancient and venerable Latin——”

“You were at Trinity,” says Mr. Waddell to his secretary, who was reputed a literate person in the household.

“Only on a visit to a friend,” responded that gentleman, keeping out of sight the little fact that he had gone in for entrance, and been plucked. “But it's my opinion”—taking the letter in his hand learnedly, with one eye half closed—“it's my opinion that this is French, undoubtedly. You ought to send it up to the Castle, Waddell: the fellows there will decipher it in no time.” A whispered conversation ensued, in which the words “treasonable correspondence” were chiefly audible. The remaining satellites looked portentous as they sipped their punch.

“If Araminta and Dolly weren't in bed hours ago, they could settle what it was,” their brother observed. “I think they learned French somewhere. But I say, O'Brien, shall we deal summarily with this fellow, or remand him till morning?”

“Deal summarily, that's my advice,” says one satellite, seeing it in his chief's face; which the others echoed. And the Philomath had good reason to shiver in his skin, not knowing whether he was to be shot or hanged, or whether the milder (but still unpleasant) procedure of flogging would answer the ends of justice; and all his objurgations were unheeded, though now delivered in very vernacular phraseology.

“The act—what does the act say about rebelly letters?” And the heads of the four dispensers of justice were bent over certain folios of yellowish paper, full of bewildering long s's and contractions, with very trifling results of enlightenment.

Mr. Waddell raised his red face with a strong exclamation. “We can't be far wrong in ordering the fellow a hundred lashes at break of day,” he said. “Those law papers would give a horse a headache.” And so the sentence was endorsed in the big book, with a subsequent entry: “To be kept imprison'd” (sic) “till the plesure of the Castle be known.” Spelling was a weak point with the Waddell secretary.

The poor Philomath! his dignity was so fearfully outraged that not a syllable could he utter; speech was frozen, though his lips moved inarticulately. With a strut grander than in his most pompous days, he left the judgment-hall in front of his yeomen-guards. “He'll require more than a hundred of the cat to break his spirit,” quoth the magistrate to his subordinates. They would have been gratified by his giving way to the tears and cries they had known to be wrung from strong men with such prospects as his.

¶ If they had seen him, the poor Philomath, shut up in the cellar, which was the Waddell prison; how he flung himself on the ground and writhed and moaned! Not loud enough for anybody to hear, but as bitterly heart-felt were those muffled moans as though uttered with all his strength. How could he ever hold up his head again among his humble admirers after the endurance of such indignity? Myles Furlong's feelings in like circumstance were his, with the added sting of the more educated mind. The sharp cold of the snowy night was literally unfelt in the sharper wretchedness of his spirit. But at last the balm of sleep, God's good gift to the miserable, stole over his tormented brain and numbed limbs. Thenceforth the black cellar was as agreeable a sojourn as the canopied couch of his adversary up-stairs.

Daylight came unnaturally white from the reflected snow, and early roused the half-dozen yeomen lying in

the kitchen on various articles of furniture, and before the great turf fire. They shook and stretched themselves, and bethought them of their morning's work and over-night's orders. The cellar was opened, and the prostrate figure, with its rope-bound hands, was commanded to get up; but no movement ensued, and a kick from a jackboot enforced the order.

“He's either sulky or dead asleep,” said the proprietor of the boot. “But we'll soon teach him;” which he proceeded to do, in the style of instruction which suited their rough ideas. The poor little heap of clothes containing the prisoner gave no token of animation. They turned it over.

“Blessed hour! but it isn't to die he did?”

They dragged him out to the great fire, and unbound his hands, and chafed the icy limbs, being frightened. “'Twas the cowl'd night did it,” they said to each other. All the servants and hangers-on crowded around. Some secret sympathies for the “croppies” lurked even in the Waddell household, and exclamations of pity were scarcely suppressed in presence of the uniforms. The harmless, weak-minded, foolish old schoolmaster was known to some of them for a long time; had taught them the immortal “Red-a-madaisy” in his hedge-seminary; had written letters for them to their sweethearts, or read letters for them from friends (perchance) in that foreign kingdom called England, whither they went on reaping expeditions. Certain of the satellites were by this time informed of the casualty, and, having a degree of uncasiness as to possible consequences, they used every effort for the prisoner's resuscitation. Life was only suspended, not extinct. A stiff dose of whisky served to revive the faltering existence; yet nobody would venture upon flogging him for that morning. He was permitted to lie by the turf fire, his strut and his dignity all gone.

Through the deep snow, about an hour afterwards, came Doctor Kavanagh on horseback. The rector's conscience had been most restless since his refusal to join Mr. Waddell's foraging expedition for rebels last evening. He had mental pictures incessantly of the extremities of injustice to which that ignorant and hot-headed magistrate might proceed when alone in the judgment-seat, and caused his nag to be saddled at first light, that he might interpose the corrective of his joint authority. When he entered the untidy breakfast-room, booted and spurred, and with sundry light snow-falls in the creases of his riding-coat, he found Mr. Waddell and his companions in high-consultation over the impounded letter. Should a special courier be sent with it to the Castle, or should it be intrusted to the ordinary course of his Majesty's mail? Mr. Waddell was really afraid that a document of its importance might be intercepted by some rebelly postmaster. He had half a mind to start off himself and ride to the capital, and intrust the missive to no power less than the Privy Council: he only wished he had gone last night.

“Show it to me,” asked the rector, when he had taken off his great leather gloves, and warmed his hands over the andirons at the glowing mass of peat filling the hearth. He looked at the paper, inside and out, and then at the zealous magistrate.

“My dear Waddell, don't send this to the Castle, unless you want to give Lord Camden a hearty fit of laughing. Why, 'tisn't French at all.”

“Not French at all! the ruffian!” says Mr. Waddell, in an apparently unconnected manner, but which meant that on the miserable schoolmaster vengeance would be taken for having the mistaken document about him at the time of capture.

"It's nothing but bog-Latin"—and the rector laughed heartily—"pure and simple bog-Latin. How you could ever have taken it for French—"

"You said it was French, and you've been at Trinity," snapped Mr. Waddell at his secretary. He felt very savage; for down had toppled a whole card-palace, founded on his zeal and energy in connection with the mysterious letter, thanks from the Executive, notice in Parliament, and, sweeter still, Colonel Butler's approbation, Colonel Butler's recommendation in a quarter where he yet indulged hopes.

"My dear Waddell, you never could have stood the ridicule. It's so fortunate I looked in this morning. And that poor O'Doherty, what shall be done with him? Between ourselves, the flogging you ordered him was illegal."

The disappointed magistrate indulged in some strong names with reference to the schoolmaster: there was no punishment too bad for the villain.

"We'll send him for trial to the Spring Assizes," says the more moderate rector. "He can be proved to have had seditious publications about him; but we have no proof as to what he intended to do with them; perhaps to destroy them." Doctor Kavanagh's charity in covering offences was, perhaps, too extensive. It led to certain impetuous remarks about parsons, after he had withdrawn, though he had just done Mr. Waddell the service of promising perpetual silence with regard to the episode of the letter, particularly at Doon Castle.

CHAPTER XLIV.—HUE AND CRY.

ABOUT noon of the same day the unfortunate schoolmaster found himself on the back of a horse, his wrists tied, though he was expected to hold a rein, and his feet tied underneath the saddle-girths. The half-dozen yeomen were taking him to the county town, there to abide in gaol until his Majesty's judges of assize should come round in March.

The snow on the high road had hardened, so that travelling was not impossible, though it was far from agreeable. Poor O'Doherty, not being fortified with the warm outworks of riding-coats worn by his guards, was well-nigh famished with cold. Worse than the cold was the degradation. Every peasant who passed them he fancied was secretly scorning his perilous elevation; whereas he ought to have known that a sure chain of sympathy with their hearts was established by the very fact of his suffering in the cause of insubordination, so dear to their affections.

A few thoughts he had of shirking all the suffering by just revealing two or three little bits of information; but a certain amount of nobility hidden somewhere in his small nature recoiled from this mode of saving himself by the blood of others. At present his main thought was of how he could "make his soul" in the limited space between January and March; that is, accumulate good works sufficient to float him across the fiery waves of purgatory, whereto he believed he should be consigned immediately on his decease by the rope.

Perfectly harmonizing with this hopeless view of his affairs were the notes of a distant keen, or Irish cry, which came floating from a by-road among the hills. "Save us: maybe 'tis foretelling me my ind the spirits are," observed the Philomath mentally, the splendour of his diction having suffered an eclipse by circumstances; and he would have crossed himself but for the bound wrists. The yeomen, talking among themselves at intervals, were rather stricken silent by that weird sound wafted from some hidden region, and looked round unensily more than once for its source. For

some time, while they were skirting an eminence crowned with spiky fir-trees, no living thing appeared, though the wild music strengthened. But they were approaching an open space at four cross-roads; and here indeed they beheld cause sufficient for the volume of voice they had heard.

A mass of people were coming down from the hills, following a cart with a yellow coffin set diagonally upon it; and every one of the throats in the multitude seemed to be giving forth the Irish cry. There were far more glittering eyes than tearful ones in the throng, however. One or two women sat wrapped in red cloaks on the cart in the spaces at each side of the yellow coffin, and embraced it frantically just as the yeomen came in sight, and at intervals afterwards.

"But that's a great funeral entirely," said one of the schoolmaster's guards. "The people is running to it from all quarters: look! over the ditches an' fences like fun. Some strong farmer,* I suppose. Honest man, who's dead?" addressing one of the foremost of the crowd, as they commenced to cross the road.

Instead of replying, the man threw up his arms with a fearful yell, and grasped his interrogator's bridle. It was the signal for onslaught. In two minutes the armed men were thoroughly overpowered by numbers, their weapons wrenched from them, and the prisoner set free.

"Now ye may go back to Fireball"—which was Mr. Waddell's *sobriquet* among the peasantry—"an' tell him this is more ov the typus, an' that we've an iligant coffin ready for himself any day he likes," says Myles Furlong, the leader, tapping the long yellow box on the lid. "See, it's nothing but stones that's in it at present, an' they're asy turned out for a better tinant." And so the yeomen, despoiled of muskets, swords, accoutrements, and horses, were left to find their way wherever they pleased, or wherever they were able.

The schoolmaster appeared quite as much alarmed as delighted at his deliverance; having an idea that, in addition to his previous offences, he would certainly be held responsible for this whole outrage and its consequences. The hilarity around him in the mob, while they conducted him away as in a triumphal procession, he sitting on the yellow coffin, with Myles Furlong before him whipping up the horse, had little response in his rueful face.

"Well, ov all the plans for risin' the neighbours, give me a coffin an' a couple ov good keeners," observed Myles. "I see it thried in the north, an' it answered iligant: they all came like shot from every place any-way within hearin'. I think we could clear a fair now, boys."

Considering that about a thousand men were in the gathering, this was no rash supposition. A chorus of laughter greeted it; for the keening was all silent now that there was no longer any pretence to be served by the noise.

"So, when I heerd tell, as I was serenadin' about Fireball's place, to find out what himself an' the yeos was goin' to do wid this poor man"—patting the schoolmaster's lank shoulder—"when I heerd tell he was to be sind to Wexford, 'Throth,' ses I to meself, 'I'll borry a coffin somewhere, an' rise the country; an' so we did, grand, didn't we, boys? An' I defy 'em ever to have heard a purtier keen than we gev 'em, an' thrated 'em very decent, only to take the guns and soords of 'em.'"

"I'm sincerely obligated to all my kind friends," said the poor schoolmaster, with an effort at a bland bow.

* Strong farmer: agriculturist who was considered well-to-do in the world.

"I'm only sorry that I circumstantially needed their most amiable assistance on this unfortunate occasion; and I'll do my best, gentlemen, never to require your sympathetic and amiable assistance in this way agin."

"How lovely he rowls the English off ov his tongue," whispered a female admirer audibly. "It's long till you'd spake that iligant way, Shamus;" which made the addressed one sulky for the rest of the march.

Thenceforth Mr. O'Doherty had to be "in hiding." He could work for the society just as effectively as ever; nay, more effectively, because he required to keep up no appearances with reference to his hedge-school. The skulking life was not so agreeable to him; but his sense of self-importance was flattered by the deference paid to his scholastic acquirements, and by his real value to the agents of the United Irishmen.

That organization was spreading extensively, not only in Wexford, but in many other counties hitherto untainted. It had assumed a much more dangerous phase of existence. The purchase of arms, and the training of its members to use them, were now avowed objects of the society. In one district the members had resolved that "all money or subscriptions received for this society shall go to the use of buying pikes." In the county of Antrim were twenty-two thousand men enrolled, and possessed of a most formidable assortment of weapons, including even eight pieces of artillery. To this had the boasted confederacy of universal brotherhood come.

So cleverly was the conspiracy organized, that rapid communication between all the seditious of the kingdom could be effected by the committees of districts—baronial, provincial, and national—as described in a former chapter; while the arrest, and even the confession of individual members, could scarce endanger more than themselves. But the greatest pains were taken to protect those members arrested; large sums were spent in their support, and in retaining counsel for their defence. This fact further maintained the unity of the society; for each conspirator felt himself under unseen protection and care.

IDELETTE DE BURE.

In the biography of Calvin we may remember how, after his expulsion from Geneva, he returned to Strasbourg, where he exercised the functions both of pastor and professor. At this time there was living at Strasbourg, retired and solitary, a widow, who was the mother of three children. Her name was Idelette de Bure. Her husband, Jean Storder, who had been converted under the ministry of Calvin, had died of the plague, leaving his wife fortuneless. Her piety, strengthened by misfortune, gave her in her widowhood the adorning which is not corruptible, even "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Calvin saw her, admired, and then loved her: she became his wife, and brought him, as her only marriage portion, her three children. God blessed the Reformer in the choice he had made; for Idelette added to deep piety a loving heart, a fervent spirit, and a soul ready to encounter all the storms of life. The nuptials were celebrated at Strasbourg, in September, 1540, in the presence of his friends, who congratulated him on his good fortune.

For the first time for a long while Calvin lived a home life, and enjoyed its pleasures all the more for his being an exile. He loved, and felt that love to be returned by a woman who had for him that intelligent affection which a widow, poor in worldly goods, but noble in heart, had for him who, in being her husband, became also a

father to her orphaned children. Our readers may remember, in the Reformer's life, what deep anxiety he felt when the Genevese, who had driven him from their city, called him to return there again. He left Strasbourg, where he had enjoyed so many pleasures, to go back to Geneva, where so much tribulation awaited him. He had a presentiment of some coming trouble, for in leaving he said, with sadness, and yet with entire resignation, "Not my will, O God, but thine: I offer my heart as a sacrifice to thy holy will." So he went to this fresh banishment, for it was nothing else. God gave him as a consoling angel Idelette de Bure, who reached Geneva some days after him, "with all his worldly goods." There was nothing sumptuous in his furniture: it was that of a poor man. In fact, the man with whose name all Europe was resounding had for the support of himself and his family only two hundred and fifty florins (the florin was then worth 5*l.* of our money), twelve measures of wheat, and two casks of wine. It is true that, in addition to this, Geneva gave to the man who devoted himself to build up her greatness a lodging, a piece of cloth to clothe himself with, and certain articles of furniture for his humble residence in the Rue des Chanoines.

We long to have more circumstantial details of the interior of the Reformer's house; but our lawful curiosity finds itself at fault here. What we do know we owe chiefly to M. Jules Bonnet, the amiable, graceful, and learned writer who produces so little, but whose every composition is a literary acquisition.* Calvin lives for us wholly in his writings: it is nearly always the Reformer that stands before us, rarely the husband, rarely the father. Hence we have to listen to the taunts of his enemies, "that in this great man the head had absorbed the heart." Nevertheless, with the historical legacies which we possess, we can penetrate into the household life of his family. There we find Idelette, who watches beside his bed when he is ill, good, courteous, and thoughtful for the numberless strangers who knock at his doors; and, besides all this, she is a devoted deaconess, performing noiselessly those works of charity so well pleasing to God, when done in the spirit of a Dorcas. Mistress of her house, she welcomes beneath her humble roof Farel, Viret, Marlarat, Beza, all friends of her illustrious husband. She is not unduly exalted by her position, and she strives but for one object of desire, and that to lose herself in the glory of the great Reformer. She is the genuine Christian woman: in her modesty she lies concealed like the violet, which is only discovered by its perfume. Such as she was it becomes all Christian women to be. Idelette felt true joy on the day when she could tell Calvin that he was a father. The child that she brought into the world, in July, 1542, after being a cause of great gladness, became also a cause of great grief. God called it to himself again. The parents were sustained under their heavy trial by the tokens of sympathy which were shown to them by their numerous friends. In writing to Viret, Calvin, generally so reserved, says, "Salute all our brethren. Salute also thy wife, to whom mine presents her thanks for the sweet and holy consolation which she has received from her. She longs to have strength to answer her with her own hand; but she has not even power to dictate a few words. The Lord has afflicted us very heavily in removing our child." Then he adds, "But he is our Father: he knows what is best for his children." In such words as these we see all the grief of the parent and all the submission of the

* "Idelette de Bure, Femme de Calvin." 1540—1549. "Bulletin de la Société du Protestantisme Français."

Christian. The trial through which Idelette and the Reformer were called to pass was repeated two years after: they lost, a few days after birth, a daughter. As in the first instance, they bowed humbly before the will of God, and worshipped, even amidst their tears, the hand that was laid so heavily upon them. This hard experience they had to feel again a third time. The enemies of Calvin exulted, saying of him, with the friends of Job, "God chastens him for his sins." Indignant at these base attacks, the Reformer looked round him, and saw himself in another sense the father of a numerous family. "The Lord has given me," said he to his enemies, "a child, and he has taken it away again: let my adversaries see, if they will, a subject for taunting in this trial. But have I not thousands of children in the Christian world?" Years after, a priest said, alluding to this letter, "What pride!" The priest could not understand the source where the deeply afflicted father found his holy consolations.

Troubled by so many disappointments and cares, Idelette felt her strength diminished every day; but, being a brave woman, she fought against bodily pain, and clung to life with the loving heart of a mother and a wife. Calvin watched, with a troubled and vigilant eye, the progress of her malady, and in his letter to Viret he gives free utterance to all his anxieties. "Salute thy wife," he says. "Mine has a sad companion in the affliction of weakness. I fear a mournful termination. But should it not suffice that so many ills threaten us in the present? God, peradventure, will show us a smiling face in the future." He requested for her the prayers of his friends. He passed from hope to despair, and from despair to hope: one day he thought he had lost her, and on the morrow that she was saved. In the midst of all his anxiety, however, the malady made such rapid progress that the celebrated physician Benoit Textor, the friend of Calvin, interposed to try to arrest it. But what can the most skilful and devoted science do, when to it is opposed the funeral seal of death stamped in the countenance of a poor child of Adam? Science may be able to prolong life for a few hours; but how little is this in the view of eternity, and yet how much in the esteem of those hearts that beat at the bed-side of the dying! In the early days of April, 1549, the condition of Idelette grew worse, and her husband lost all hope of keeping her. He sacrificed to God all the joys of a family life, as he had been able to make to him all those sacrifices which he had called for. He bent submissively again under God's chastening hand. Idelette was also ready: she had not waited until sickness should cry to her, "Put thy house in order, for thou shalt surely die." Like the wise virgins, she had her loins girded and her lamp burning; nevertheless she clung to earth, not for her own sake, but for her children's. She could not venture to ask her husband, pressed beyond measure with work, to give to her family any of those precious hours which he devoted to Geneva and to the Protestant churches in Switzerland and France. No wonder that a cloud passed over the face of the dying mother. Calvin, who understood its meaning, said to her, "Thy children are mine: I have recommended them to God." The cloud vanished; all the bonds which held Idelette to earth were broken; and, as the young bird poises itself on the branch which bears it, to try its first flight, the dying woman was ready to soar aloft to heaven, where her Saviour waited to place on her head the bright crown which he had promised. Death had no terror to her. "The constancy of her soul," says M. Jules Bonnet, "never failed her even in the midst of her many sufferings and manifold weaknesses. When un-

able to speak, her look, her actions, the expression of her face, proclaimed the faith which bore her up in her last hours."

On the morning of April 6th Pastor Bourgoïn addressed a few pious words to her: she joined him in exclamations often interrupted, but full of warmth, like foretastes of heaven. "Oh, glorious resurrection!" "Oh, God of Abraham, and of our fathers!" she cried; "hope of the faithful in all ages! it is in thee that I trust." At seven o'clock she grew feebler, and, feeling that her voice was failing her, "Pray," said she: "oh, my friends, pray for me." Calvin drew near the bed-side: she showed her delight by her looks. In a trembling voice he spoke to her of the grace of Christ, of the earthly pilgrimage, of the assurance of eternal blessedness, and then concluded with a fervent prayer. She followed in spirit his words, and "proved her attachment to the doctrines of grace." Towards nine o'clock in the morning she breathed her last, so peacefully that one could not say whether she had ceased to live, or were only sleeping.

In this trying hour the Reformer was sustained by God. His numerous friends shared his grief with him, and gave him full proof of their affection. They had known his Idelette, and they understood perfectly the great reliance which he had placed in this sweet creature, who had smoothed for him the rough paths which God had called him to tread. It was she who watched, like the tenderest mother, over his health; and she herself undertook all the cares of a household necessarily regulated by the strictest economy; and she it was who, with her gentle words, soothed him when he came home after the painful wars he so often had to wage with the enemies of God and of his holy gospel. The grief of Calvin was not noisy, because it was profound. Brave man that he was, he did not desire that his affliction should do harm to the church. His enemies seeing him, the day after the death of Idelette, resume his work, ventured to say, "This man has no heart: he has never loved." But his friends, knowing the deep unchangeable affection which he bore for Idelette, were astonished as they witnessed his fortitude. When, however, this man, who in public appeared insensible to grief, now retired to his own house, deprived of her who had filled it with her presence, then it was that he abandoned himself to his sorrow. In the letters which he wrote at this time to his friends he reveals to us the profound anguish which the death of his wife had caused him. "I have lost," he wrote to Viret, "the excellent companion of my life; she who never left me, in exile, in misery, or in death. Whilst she lived she was an invaluable aid to me, never thinking of herself, and never being a trouble or a hindrance to her husband. I suppress my grief as much as I can. My friends do their duty by me, but neither they nor myself succeed in the effort. You know the tenderness, not to say the weakness of my heart. I should succumb unless I made violent exertions to moderate my sorrow."

No less touching is Calvin's letter to Farel. "Adieu, dear and well beloved friend. May God direct thee by his Spirit, and help me in my trial. I could never have survived this blow had he not stretched forth his sustaining hand from heaven. It is he who relieves the failing heart, who comforts the stricken soul, who strengthens the feeble knees." As these lines, written by the great Reformer in the solitude of his chamber, help us to penetrate into the heart of that man who, in his austere exterior, seems a stranger to the warm affection of family life, so we cannot sufficiently thank M. Jules Bonnet for his pleasant pages. They are a

triumphant reply to those who honour Calvin by their insults, and who, unable to deny his lofty and vast intellect, revenge themselves by refusing to acknowledge that he had a heart. As to Idelette, if we cannot give her a place in history beside Jeanne d'Albret, Charlotte Arbaleste, Renée of France, or Luther's Catherine, neither can we let her lie forgotten; and we trust that this slight memoir will introduce her name to many a Christian woman, who, after she has given herself to God, makes it her life effort to be to her children a devoted mother, to her husband a faithful companion, to the poor a Dorcas.

THE BALLOON AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY JAMES CLAIRBORNE, ESQ., F.R.S.

IV.

I HAVE never, on any occasion, ascended alone, to be the observer and captain of my voyage, and should hesitate to do so. The balloon, if it has undergone no striking change since it was first constructed, is very impressionable to good management; and I should fear to usurp the functions of an aeronaut, as I should fear to usurp the captaincy of a ship at sea. Since the days of Gay Lussac the practice of ballooning has become an art: thus, while the science of aerostation waits nearly in abeyance, to move slowly in progress with our labours for its development, its practice has attained, to some degree, certainty and perfection. All that modern improvement can suggest is performed by Mr. Coxwell, whose balloon, the largest and most complete of the day, was built originally with a view to the uses of science, and has on each occasion been employed for my meteorological ascents.

The accompanying engraving represents the car of Mr. Coxwell's balloon. The grapnel and its line coiled up, and leading to the ring to which it is attached, are seen to the right hand of Mr. Coxwell. Attached also to the ring, and near to the grapnel line, is the spring catch by means of which Mr. Coxwell leaves the earth at the moment he wishes, by detaching momentarily a line connected with it. Just above Mr. Coxwell's head is placed a small aneroid barometer for his information. At the other end of the car I am seated, with the several instruments before me, resting on a table; whilst, slanting across the car, at my right hand, is placed one of Sir John Herschel's actinometers; and near to it may be seen the upper part of a mercurial barometer, the lower part being below the table. Near by is a spectroscope, for examining the solar spectrum. I am in the act of looking at a pair of dry and wet bulb thermometers, and just opposite to me are Daniel's and Regnault's hygrometers. These several instruments are for the purpose of determining the temperature and humidity of the air. Then the circular instruments to the left of my hand are compasses and aneroid barometers, etc. The chronometer is placed in the centre of the table under my eye, and my note-book close to it. There are certain apparatus under the table, which I have to work with my feet; and in the bottom of the car the ballast-bags are arranged.

The array of instruments before me is not so miscellaneous as that of Gay Lussac; but my plan of observation is more methodized. In my ordinary work I have but little time for desultory observations, and my knowledge of the balloon path is derived from the readings and by instruments. The problems I set out to ascertain were, the determination of the temperature, and hygrometric condition of the air,

at different elevations above the surface of the earth; in addition, to determine the temperature of the dew point by Daniel's dew point hygrometer, by Regnault's condensing hygrometer, and by dry and wet bulb thermometers, as ordinarily used, as well as when under the influence of an aspirator, a means by which considerable volumes of air are made to pass over their bulbs. These experiments were to be made at different elevations, as high as possible, and particularly at those heights where man may be resident, or where troops may be located, as in the highlands and plains in India. I wished to test by comparison the value respectively of the hygrometers employed. I also designed to compare the readings of an aneroid barometer with those of a mercurial barometer, up to five miles; also to determine the electrical state of the air; to determine the oxygen in the air, by the action of ozone papers; also the time of vibration of a magnet on the earth, and at different distances from it; to collect air at different elevations; to note the height, and kind of clouds, their density and thickness; to ascertain the rate and direction of different currents in the atmosphere, if possible; to make observations on sound; to note atmospheric phenomena in general; and to make general observations.

This was the rough draft of the objects I purposed to myself to carry out if possible, when the British Association took the matter up, and placed funds at the disposal of a committee, to furnish me with the balloon and retain the services of Mr. Coxwell, which have been given in the most generous spirit by him, often at much inconvenience, and sometimes at a loss. The instruments in use have been numerous, and frequently replaced. Here I must candidly admit the cost and breakage have been beyond anticipation, and Messrs. Negretti and Zambra have more often than not been content to sustain the loss of valuable and elaborately constructed instruments, which no committee, however zealous, would be rich enough to purchase and repurchase at a remunerative cost. My own time has been at the service of the committee, and the resources of Messrs. Negretti and Zambra no less, for the continued reinforcement of instruments, the most delicate and beautiful, perhaps, ever constructed in meteorology.

Of the instruments I took with me, I may mention a mercurial syphon barometer on the principle of Gay Lussac's, by Adie. This barometer was furnished with its own thermometer, its bulb immersed in a tube of mercury of the same diameter as that of the barometer. This instrument sometimes reaches more than 20° in excess of the sensitive air thermometer.

I had also two aneroid barometers by Negretti and Zambra, one graduated to 13 inches, the other to 5 inches. In my ascent on July 17th there was a difference of reading between the aneroid and mercurial barometers. As both these instruments were broken, it was impossible to say which was in error; and as the correctness of the syphon barometer at low readings is dependent on the evenness of the tube, Mr. Negretti undertook the construction of a barometer which should be reliable at all elevations. This instrument was designed by him, and completed for my ascent on September 5th; and I believe it to have been as accurate throughout its scale at low readings as at high.

I had two pairs of dry and wet bulb thermometers, one pair as ordinarily used, the bulb being protected from the direct rays of the sun by a highly polished silver shade, in the form of a frustrum of a cone, open at top and bottom. A cistern was fixed near to them, for the supply of water to the wet bulb thermometer.



MESSRS. COXWELL AND GLAISHER IN THEIR CAR.

The second pair of dry and wet bulb thermometers was arranged for the employment of the aspirator, to induce at will a current of air across the bulbs, which, being highly sensitive, would instantaneously record the temperature of the air so set in motion. In this arrangement the thermometers were inclosed in silver tubes placed side by side, connected together at top by a cross tube, and both protected by a shade, as in ordinary use. In the left-hand tube belonging to the dry bulb an opening was provided. By means of the aspirator a current of air was drawn in at this opening, which, traversing round the tubes, passed away back again into the aspirator. Thus, at will, the temperature of the air in motion against the bulbs might be determined with the utmost nicety.

Regnault's condensing hygrometer was made with two thermometers, and as described by Regnault himself. The scales were made of ivory, and the thermometers filled to the cups with cork, ready for packing up.

Of other instruments named I used Daniel's hygrometer, as ordinarily made. The exhaustive tubes for collecting air were simple in construction, being nothing more than cylinders of glass, drawn at one end to taper to a point, and exhausted of air. The act of breaking off the taper point was all the process needed for the admission of atmospheric air, which was readily closed

in by sealing up the broken tube with a cement carried for the purpose.

The thermometers employed in the observations were exceedingly sensitive; the bulbs long and cylindrical, being almost three-tenths of an inch in length. The graduations extended to 40° , all on ivory scales. These thermometers, on being removed from a room heated 20° above that of an adjoining apartment, acquired the temperature within half a degree in about ten or twelve seconds. They were so sensitive that no correction is required to be applied for sluggishness; and this was found to be the case by the near agreement in the temperatures at the same height in the ascending and descending curves, in cases when there was no reason to suppose there had been any change of temperature at the same height within the interval between the two series of observations.

At the Newcastle Meeting of the British Association of Science I said that my measure of a good ascent was when I had no instruments broken, and my measure of a bad ascent when all or many were broken. The latter has frequently occurred; for although there has been generally no danger of injury, or fear of life or limb, at any rough anchorage of the balloon down on the ground, the descent has sometimes taken me by surprise, and caused much breakage and destruction

to the instruments with which I have been provided. The continued outlay for instruments, and the necessity for their replacement, make a continued system of philosophical enterprises something very costly to encounter. I say this partly in respect to the unselfish assistance rendered me by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, but very much in regret for the many beautiful and delicate instruments I have lost.

Of the eight ascents which I made in 1862, that which remains prominent belongs to September 5th, when we ascended to a height of six miles. During last year I made five ascents of note, and two among them were remarkable for the display of meteorological effect within the compass of a voyage. Four miles last year was the average height attained; and, being so acclimatized, and habituated to the situation, both Mr. Coxwell and myself are sensible, at this elevation, of any particular variance. One remarkable ascent was made on a thoroughly wet day, from the Crystal Palace. On this occasion I wished to test for myself the truth of Mr. Green's deduction, that rain only proceeds from clouds when there is a corresponding stratum of cloud at a certain elevation above the first. I also wished to determine why a much larger amount of rain is collected in a gauge near the surface of the earth, than in one placed at an elevation in the same locality; if, during rain, the air is saturated completely, and if not, to what amount; to discover the regulating causes of a rain-fall sometimes occurring in large drops, at other times in minute particles; and to confirm, or otherwise, Professor Phillips's deductions about the decreasing size of rain-drops at different elevations. One voyage could not possibly clear up these points; but I was determined it should be one of several. On this occasion I found that when the rain was warm, with respect to the temperature of the air, no difference existed in the quantities of rain collected at different heights; but when the temperature of rain was lower than the temperature of the air at the time, a considerable difference always existed. In regard to the double layer of cloud necessary to produce rain, it was the first point of observation I intended to clear up. Our ascent was made on the afternoon of July 21st, at 4.52, from the Crystal Palace. In ten seconds from leaving the ground we had ascended into the mist, and in twenty seconds into the regions of the clouds. At a height of 1200 feet we had passed out of this region, and overlooked a range of surrounding cumuli, so white that I could not see to read the scales of ivory. At a height of 2800 feet we emerged from among them, and saw a darker stratum still above. We descended, and again, on reascending, passed through clouds at a higher elevation still, and beyond and above, darkening in the distance, another layer. Rain in each case was falling from the stratum below. My voyage had to be abruptly terminated, for Mr. Coxwell called my attention to a fact which had escaped our notice previously, that some malicious person had made an incision in the balloon a foot in length. The cut extended partly across a zone, and might easily extend itself to the top of the balloon. The neck was all flabby, and the probable consequences sufficient to urge the necessity of a speedy descent. The weather was throughout bad, gloomy, and raining heavily. It was late when we ascended, and the defective state of the balloon closed all further operations.

A day of many vicissitudes was the 26th of June, when we ascended from Wolverton. As the gasometers at Wolverton were small, the balloon was partly inflated the evening before, and, the air being calm, it remained

out all night. The morning of the ascent was fine, with but little vapour in the air, indicated by the deep blue sky; the atmosphere was bright and clear, and all circumstances were favourable in the highest degree; but a change speedily arose. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the sky was covered with clouds, the wind rose, and the balloon became almost unmanageable: with difficulty the operation of filling was completed in time for the ascent to take place at one o'clock. Fortunately for me, and the safety of my instruments, Mr. Negretti had come down by the express from London, to assist in fixing and arranging them for work. He happily succeeded in protecting them from injury while the balloon was heaving to break away; and the united exertions of fifty men to hold it fast could not prevent the incessant striking of the car upon the ground. We were released by the simultaneous yielding of the men, and in a minute were 4000 feet above the earth. At this elevation we were chilled by the clouds which we entered, but cheerfully looked forward to emerging on the other side into the region of pure sky and brilliant sunshine. On the contrary, all was grey, colourless, and gloomy. At 9000 feet the air was filled with a moaning or sighing, like the wind previous to a storm. This was our first experience of the sound, and we listened to identify it with the cordage of our machine working in the air; but it was the sound of conflicting currents meeting and opposing each other in the wilderness of space. Now we were two miles high, with faint gleams of the sun, expecting him momentarily to appear: instead, we entered a fog, and then into a fine and wetting rain; afterwards a dry fog, and then again a wet fog; and that was again repeated; then we were mocked by gleams of sun, and found that we had ascended three miles high. At 17,000 feet there was no change. At four miles high dense clouds were still above us, and for a distance of 2000 or 3000 feet we were free from fog. To our surprise, at this elevation, more than four miles above the earth, there were dark masses of cloud, two layers one above another, with fringed edges, unmistakable nimbi, without doubt clouds of rain. At 23,000 feet Mr. Coxwell, who had been examining his ballast-bags, decided that we must not only descend, but descend at once. To my great regret I was therefore compelled to content myself with a searching look of general observation; but one momentary glance was sufficient to impress it for ever on my mind; and, were I an artist, the impression was so vivid that I could portray it in all its details. Above, below, all around, the sky was nearly covered with dark clouds of stratus character, with cirri above, and faint blue sky between; not the blue of the morning or of a dry atmosphere, but as seen when the air is murky and the clouds confused. The sense of storm, and adverse weather generally, which gave character to the scene, marked it for ever as a memorable experience among many others. As we passed down on our descent, at a height of 14,000 feet, we encountered a snow-storm extending through nearly 5000 feet. There were no flakes, only spiculae and hexagonal crystals, of distinct and well-known forms. Below the snow, and almost 10,000 feet from the earth, we entered again an opaque atmosphere, which continued till we reached the ground. This summer afternoon had exhibited many vicissitudes of weather, and offered to the observer a fine and comprehensive study of meteorological influences at work, removed from the immediate surface of the earth.

The various observations, and some few results deduced, the product of the first eight voyages, have been accurately laid before the British Association. They form a small

printed volume; and to this I refer my readers who are interested in this subject.

There is a movement, constant, and not detracting from the comfort of the occupant of the car, but proving a hindrance in observations with the deflecting needle, and serious as concerns the practice of photography. I allude to the spirating motion of the balloon upon its axis, gently revolving (half round and back again), so that the spectator in the car sees the landscape presented to his view on all sides. This movement troubled Gay Lussac in observing the sensations of the magnetic needle, and offered a difficulty to my own attempts at photography. These were secondary, however, and but twice repeated. The first experiments in aerial photography were performed by Mr. Negretti, who early in the summer retained the services of Mr. Coxwell, for the purpose of a photographic ascent, taking with him a complete set of photographic apparatus, and an able assistant on whom he could rely. Up to this time it was a matter of uncertainty in Mr. Negretti's mind, whether the atmosphere at an elevation was possessed of the chemical properties to render photography possible—whether the actinic rays had existence a mile high above the earth. Mr. Negretti's experiment determined this with certainty, and he was only prevented from accomplishing a set of photographs by the spirating movement of the car. On the plate was sufficient of the photograph impressed to show that the mechanical obstacle alone hindered complete success.

Our engraving shows, without the necessity of elaborate description, the manner in which the car is attached to the balloon, and the position in the car taken up by Mr. Coxwell. This he frequently exchanges for the ring, as a better post for observation, and at all times keeps steadily within his management the appliances which control our movements. The valve-cord is ever ready to his hand, and the ballast-bags out of sight at the bottom of the car. The iron grapple is a fixture at his side, and is lowered on approaching our higher elevation, and is wanted only in the moment of our descent. Sand has long been decided on as the best material for ballasts—better than water, which would freeze above a certain elevation. Sand, when drafted out in the act of our ascending, is innocuous to any one below.

Before starting, the balloon is partly filled only, the neck and lower part hanging flaccid: as it ascends, and the air becomes more rarefied, it swells. The volume of gas contained is ever ranging according to height, pressure, temperature, and degree of moisture in the air, and these continued changes require the fixed attention of the aeronaut. Before departure, the moment is carefully selected by Mr. Coxwell, who endeavours to avail himself of an interval of perfect calm, to start with the least rotatory motion possible, and to ascend so as to pass between, rather than through masses of cloud above.

In aerostation every detail is of interest, and every enterprise belonging to it bears the stamp of individual character. I have been forced to omit the details of aerostatic progress in England, France, Italy, and Russia; some voyages of interest at a later date in France; and to omit altogether the history of suggestions for the improvement of balloons. One plan, however, is important and feasible enough to require a passing mention. The balloon, as my readers know, drifts with the wind, at whatever elevation; and drifting with the wind, and not through it, it is obvious that no sail can be of any use whatever. Within the last few years it has been suggested that a trailing weight from the balloon, such as a rope or chain, which should

drag along the ground, or if over water should float a log or spar, would offer a resistance to the balloon, and keep it travelling in air at something less than the velocity of the current bearing it along. Under these conditions a sail, it is thought, might be employed with advantage, and might be placed at an angle to the prevailing current, and so made to guide the balloon in a course different to its direct flow. Of the practicability of this scheme I say nothing, excepting that the management of an appendage a mile long offers a difficulty to the aeronaut which may be easily foreseen. As yet our voyages have been made without the employment of the guide-rope, though, in the event of our crossing the Channel, it is probable we may try the expedient. As an habitual appendage to the balloon I cannot think it would answer. But my candid opinion is, that if we are destined to have the command of the atmosphere as a fluid under our control for the purposes of locomotion, no less than our native element of the earth, and the ocean belonging to it, the balloon is but the first principle of such a power. That it has languished of late years, as an invention capable of improved application, I have already shown. The expectations raised by its invention were beyond all precedent; but it is my belief that the principle was a first power gained, and not the application so much sought and desired. Another century of increased attention to the principle involved, especially combined with progress in meteorology and the chemistry of the atmosphere, will, it is to be expected, give important results.

The remainder of this season will, I hope, furnish more experiences of scientific voyages with Mr. Coxwell; but at this point I purpose to end my sketch of the balloon and its application, having been more troubled to know what to omit, than how to collect matter of interest for the readers of "The Leisure Hour."

James Haish

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

III.

THE most valuable of all the Archbishop's publications is his famous "Errors of Romanism, having their Origin in Human Nature." There are three things about the Roman Catholic religion that often have caused wonder. Firstly, how a system containing so much error can have so much influence. Secondly, how we are to explain the striking contrast between the plausibility of the arguments in its favour, derived from human considerations, and the absolute impotency of those professed to be derived from Scripture. Thirdly, the strange affinity which exists between some of its peculiar doctrines and the dogmas of heathenism. The Archbishop gives the only satisfactory answer to these questions; and had he never written any other work than this one, it would have stamped him as a man of no common ability and penetration of mind.

The object of Dr. Whately's work is to show that the real origin of the peculiar tenets of this church is to be found in certain tendencies of our common and fallen nature. Hence their power and prevalency. He reverses the view which is ordinarily taken of the matter. He

does not consider them to have been first obtruded upon the lay members of that church, as the inventions of an ambitious priesthood, but, in their early form at least, to have been the spontaneous product of certain tendencies to error inherent in our nature, however afterwards augmented by other and external influences, which, taking advantage of these tendencies, have accelerated and aggravated their development. This congeniality, which accounts for their prevalence, is their condemnation; for they can never elevate the nature which they only accommodate. It also explains why the passages of Scripture upon which they claim to be founded fall so short, as they really do, of proving them. The doctrines were never founded upon these passages at all; but having originated in a different source, were afterwards propped up by such Scripture references as had any bearing, however remote, upon the subject. Nothing is more apparent to any person capable of understanding the force of argument, than the complete failure of such passages to prove the doctrines which they are asserted to contain. Nor can a similar instance in the records of reasoning be mentioned, when such manifest incompetence of proof, on any great question, has ever been accepted, or even adduced. In any other case such weakness of argument would at once be detected and set aside. So that here we have to account for two things: namely, how it occurs that Scriptural proofs, being so weak as they are, were attempted; and then, how, being adduced, they were successful. The first is explained from the necessity of the case itself; the second from the bias of the human mind to rest in authority. The errors of Romanism have their origin in human nature. This is the Archbishop's stand-point. Having sprung from this, it would not, of course, do to allege this origin as their justification. Hence the Scriptures are appealed to. But no passages can be produced which expressly, or even probably, contain them. Hence the contrast between the weakness of the Scripture proof (some such proof being imperative), and the plausibility of the natural. Some remedy for this weakness now becomes indispensable. This the authority of the church effects. There is a natural predisposition to rest in authority. Such tendency accounts for the admission of the claim itself. Once admitted, its decisions are accepted without question. Hence men accept as true that meaning for Scripture which they cannot find in it. And this infallibility of interpretation satisfies them in the failure of proof. This is the simple explanation of the whole matter.

The same fact—i.e., that certain peculiar doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church are based upon certain tendencies of human nature—serves also to account for the coincidence which has been observed to exist in some particulars between this church and heathenism. The doctrines of both have a common root, and therefore a like development. Hence their similarity.

It is obvious that this explanation possesses that guarantee for its truth which no other yet attempted does. *It accounts for the facts.* It is in vain that we try to account for the extraordinary hold which the Roman Catholic religion undoubtedly possesses over the minds of men, by saying that people naturally love error. They do not. It is no doubt true that we are prone to fall into it. But error, *as such*, cannot be accounted for in this way. It can only progress by association, in some shape or other, with partial truth, or with facts. In this case the fact which occasions the plausibility, and explains the prevalence, is the conformity which exists between its peculiar doctrines and certain inherent tendencies of our fallen nature.

For any one, at all acquainted with the late Archbishop's character, it is almost superfluous to add, that, as a controversialist, he was never betrayed into the use of a discourteous word or unkindly expression towards any whose opinions he opposed. It is, indeed, a matter of no little regret, that many having seriously at heart the correction of important religious errors, are so often tempted into forgetting that the worse possible preliminary for conviction, is to ridicule what people are accustomed to regard with respect, or hurt their sensitiveness, or awaken their anger, by any rude handling of those things which they are wont to consider as sacred. It is not surprising that those who, not having a sense of its solemnity, obtrude upon religious controversy, as on other topics, merely as disputants, should be stirred into hasty and injurious language by the excitement of strife, which too frequently occasions, though it cannot in any case justify, such discourtesy. But it is much to be deplored that so much good is prevented, and so much evil produced, even by really earnest persons, from neglecting to consider that the solemnity and importance of religion impose checks and demand precautions beyond those of any other subject, if we would gain access to minds which we are desirous of convincing. Courtesy is always wisdom. Nowhere is this more true than in religious discussions. Genuine Christian courtesy is invariably true Christian wisdom, the best path-finder, or path-maker, for strength of argument. The more one studies the subject, the more does it become apparent, that true, pure love for souls, is just as backward in giving, as it is in taking offence, and likewise, strange as it may appear, that true *wisdom* is really much more nearly allied to the affections than to the intellect, and comes more from the heart than the head. There is a great difference between the productive efficiency and the intrinsic strength of an argument. This distinction, always true, is most apparent in religious arguments; because the effect of an argument depends upon the condition of mind in which they are to whom it is addressed, and in religion there are more causes affecting that condition than in any other case. If, indeed, it were true that "belief" or "conviction" were determined only by intellectual agencies, then arguments, when addressed to minds able to comprehend them, would produce conviction in proportion to their strength. But, however true it is that the judgments of men ought to be formed only upon grounds of rational conviction, the real difficulty in practice is to get the mind fairly to consider these grounds of conviction when they are put before it. The same argument affects different minds in widely different modes. Why is this? Simply because those minds are differently disposed towards it, or, to use a long, though useful word, in different states of *receptivity*. In opposing forms of religion there always is enough of antagonism to predispose against the arguments of antagonists. But to increase these principles of repulsion by indulging in the acrimonies of controversy, would be as if the archer who wounded King Ahab had, ere he drew his bow, warned him of the weak point of his harness, and waited until he had secured it.

"The Errors of Romanism" is not, as the name might seem to indicate, properly speaking a controversial work; for its object is not to *disprove* the peculiar tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, but to show the source from which they have sprung. The Archbishop never liked the title of this, in our opinion, his most valuable publication. Nor was it of his own selection, but adopted in deference to the judgment of a friend. Still, the real object of the volume is sufficiently indicated by the addition, "having their Origin in Human Nature."

We are not sure whether this last clause was not an explanatory postscript, appended by the Archbishop for the sake of accurately indicating the precise purport of the volume. It cannot, as has been said, be considered as directly polemical; because the primary object is not to prove the erroneousness of certain doctrines, but to account for the perplexing fact, how doctrines so erroneous have obtained such wide and unquestioned acceptance. In this point of view, the work supplied a great void in the history of Romish controversy, and ranks among the very foremost aids towards a clear knowledge of it. Its direct merit is, that it gives the only true explanation of the popularity and power which doctrines, considered by all Protestants as utterly unsound, have acquired, and continue to exercise. It explains the secret of their attractiveness, by tracing it to their congeniality with certain strong tendencies of our nature. Indirectly this is their condemnation, because, being thus adjusted to error, they are themselves erroneous. Lord Bacon had pointed out the existence in human nature of certain universal forms of error, which he called *idola tribus*; that is, prejudices belonging to the whole race of mankind. His enumeration of these "idols" was a great contribution to the history of psychology. The late Archbishop has, in like manner, pointed out certain "religious idola," which are at the bottom, and form the basis for development, of certain forms of error which are peculiar to the Church of Rome. And in this respect he ranks foremost among the contributors to the history of controversy, because he has fairly accounted for a phenomenon which, without such explanation, would be an unsolved difficulty in the most remarkable of modern religious controversies.

Dr. Whately has not forgotten to add the warning, that all persons should be on their guard against tendencies to error which are common to all. The disposition exists, however different may be its manifestation. Thus, if there be in the nature of man a tendency to repress by violent means the growth of religious opinions which are adverse to our own, we require to be warned that the use of coercive measures for such a purpose is only a less-developed phase of the same *spirit* of persecution which exhibits its culminating enormity in "the Christians to the lions" of Pagan Rome, in "the sword or the Koran" of Mahomet, and in the "kill every one: God will know his own," of the exterminating crusade of a church professing to be Christian.

Among these tendencies of human nature, to which the Archbishop refers in his "Errors of Romanism," is one of extreme importance, which he has in other writings fully developed. It is the propensity of mankind to a *vicarious religion*, which ends by intrusting their spiritual concerns to a peculiar order of men, whose true office as pastors becomes perverted into a sacrificing priesthood. We owe very much to Dr. Whately for the care which he has taken to guard the true character of the Christian priesthood against so great a corruption. His argument upon this subject is quite decisive, and beyond the possibility of refutation.

Our English word "priest" is the translation of two Greek words, *hiereus* and *presbuteros*. The former of these terms answers to the Latin *sacerdos*, and is a priest who offers sacrifice. Now, it is very remarkable that this term *hiereus* is never in the New Testament applied to the Christian minister. For him the inviolable designation is *presbuteros*. Such careful exclusion of one distinctive word, and marked selection of another, wherever the Christian priesthood is spoken of, show that there does not exist under the Christian dispensation any order of men having a ministerial office correspond-

ing to the Greek *hiereus*, or Latin *sacerdos*, i.e., a sacrificing priesthood. This term is applied literally to Christ Jesus, and figuratively to the Christian laity, but not once, either literally or figuratively, to the Christian ministry. For them another word—i.e., *presbuteros*—is the inviolable and exclusive designation.

Now, as the Church of Rome claims to offer a literal sacrifice—i.e., of Christ Jesus—in the sacrifice of the mass, she claims, of course, to have a sacrificing priesthood also; her doctrine being, that when the offering of the mass is made, there is renewed in it the same sacrifice* (with a significant circumstance of doubtful difference) as had been offered on the cross, and that the priest who offers it is the same with Christ Jesus. Now, it is obvious that the marked refusal of the Holy Spirit to allow of the term *hiereus* being ever used to describe a Christian minister is a fatal condemnation of any such pretension. The force of the Archbishop's unanswerable argument is, then, briefly the following:—It is true that the term *hiereus*, or sacrificing priest, is used in the New Testament for a Pagan priest, and it is, in a figurative sense, applied to all Christians; but it is never once applied to the Christian ministry. For this order of men the distinctive word is never *hiereus*, but a totally different one—i.e., *presbuteros*. The only sacrificing priest under the Christian dispensation being the Lord Jesus himself, to him the word is applied, and to him alone of any sacerdotal personage under our religion. There must then be some object intended when we find that a word which is used in three different applications—i.e., to Pagan priests, to the Christian laity, and to the Lord Jesus—is never once used to designate Christian ministers, but, on the contrary, that for them there is a word invariably used which *excludes* the notion included in *hiereus*. The only object that we can see is this—to forbid the idea that Christian ministers have, as any part of their duty, the offering of any literal sacrifice, such as the sacrifice of the mass, and consequently, that all such pretension is a mere device of men, not only unsanctioned, but prohibited by the word of God. Were that claim true, it would be impossible to explain why the Bible so carefully avoids the ordinary word (*hiereus*), which would be consistent with it, and substitutes the unusual word (*presbuteros*), which is condemnatory of it.

It is important here to observe how decisively this argument is confirmed by that noble epistle from which we derive so much elucidation both of the Jewish and Christian priesthoods. One great fact upon which the apostle insists (Heb. vii. 23, etc.) is that Christ Jesus can have no *successor* to his priesthood. But the argument by which he proves this proves also that there can neither be delegation nor transmission of his office to any one—that it is wholly discharged by himself, to the exclusion of all others. The reasoning is this:—Men *successively* took the priestly office under the Jewish dispensation, *because* they were not suffered to continue, by reason of death; but as Christ Jesus ever liveth, he has his office wholly concentrated in himself, to the exclusion of all other persons. "This man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable [*ἀπαράβατος*, i.e., *intransmissible*, which does not pass beyond him] priesthood."

The argument consists of a *fact*, and a direct inference from it. That fact is, "he continueth ever;" the inference from it is, therefore, "he hath an unchangeable priesthood." Now, both the argument itself and the original word require us to understand "unchangeable" in the

* Idem sacrificium, quod in cruce fuit oblatum, in missa peragitur. Est etiam unus utriusque sacerdos. Cat. ex dec. con. Trid.

sense of not passing beyond him to any others, who are excluded by the very force of the argument, either as continuators of his priesthood or as participators in it.

In order that our readers may be able to appreciate fairly the grounds on which the late Archbishop ranks so high as a writer, we thought it best to put before them some of his distinctive contributions to the cause of truth. The importance of these—and they are very many—will show the nature of his services, and justify the celebrity which he has acquired. These extracts, however, go but a short way in giving an idea of all he has done. Trinity College, Dublin, owes to him the formation of her Chair of Political Economy; and Ireland can now boast of an economic school second to none in the empire. From this foundation sprung the Dublin Statistical Society, ranking among its members some of the ablest men in that country, through whose efforts the knowledge of economic science has been widely spread in Ireland. The Archbishop's exertions on the subject of transportation have earned for him the gratitude of our Australian colonies. And however men may have differed from him, even on many important matters, still all whose opinion is valuable agree that he was one earnestly bent on doing good, and that everything which tended to the amelioration of his fellow-men possessed a true attraction for his sensitive heart.

THE AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.

In the month of November, 1848, the Pope, being in great fear on account of the disturbed state of his dominions, which followed the assassination of the minister Pellegrino Rossi, betook himself to Gaëta. The Provisional Government twice recalled Pope Pius to his dominions; but he refusing to answer their call, Rome was declared a republic, and the Austrians lost no time in taking possession of the fertile cities of the Romagna. The French army, which consisted of 7500 men, now marched against Rome, whilst they were opposed only by undisciplined Italian volunteers; yet the French were twice repelled, and did not enter Rome until July of the same year, when the Austrians, emboldened by their preceding success, now occupied the Umbria.

The horrors of a city in the possession of its conquerors have been, alas! too frequently described; but few can imagine the desolation of the Romagna under its cruel oppressors. Imprisonments, assassinations, and executions followed each other in rapid succession; and fatherless children and widowed women were the rule, not the exception. To show to what cruelty these usurpers of the Italian soil resorted, I will give you an instance of one among many acts of atrocity which are to be heard of only in those countries where the strong hand of despotism and tyranny is holding that which is not its own.

In the town of Foligno, in the Umbria, lived as Commissary of Police Lorenzo Valeriani, a man who had filled his difficult office with great success under the Provisional Government. On the arrival of the Austrians, the Italians—such of them as could—left the Umbria for other parts of Italy; and the friends of Valeriani advised him most strongly to throw up his situation and leave with them.

But the Commissaire would not hear of this, knowing that he had most scrupulously performed the duties devolving on him: besides, he had a wife and several children, and the removing of all would be a very serious undertaking, and to leave them behind equally impossible. Days passed on, and arrests and imprisonments

augmented instead of decreased; still Valeriani did not fear: he went on steadily as before with his duty, and almost ceased to have any fear of the Austrians.

One morning he was sitting as usual in his office, when he was surprised to see entering a chief of police, accompanied by several Austrian soldiers. Still he was not afraid, having no idea of anything against himself; but when they proceeded to make a perquisition, first on the house, and afterwards on himself, his courage was indeed tried, for he knew well the cruelty and injustice of the Austrians towards those whose rights they had usurped.

The news quickly spread, and the wife and children of Valeriani now joined him, with love in their eyes and distress in their hearts. The perquisition finished, the chief took possession of the poor fellow, and to his horror proceeded to put irons on his wrists. His distress was beyond power to describe—to be taken like a malefactor away from wife, children, and friends, and for what he knew not. He asked at least to know of what he was accused, and was told he would know at "the right time and place."

When now the moment of parting came, his wife clung to him in tearless despair; his babes looked on with large wondering eyes, that did not weep until they saw their father bound and taken away. He maintained the quiet dignity of one who knew he was guilty of no wrong, and trusted to the justice of his conduct having its weight with those into whose power he had fallen.

Alas for such hopes!

Valeriani was taken to the common prison of the town, and heavily ironed. He was left two days without food, and on the third was given a little soup and bread, which he took from sheer exhaustion in consequence of his long fasting. He had no desire for food. A good husband and father, his heart was torn in thinking of his wife and little ones, without any one to protect them from the lawless men who ruled their beautiful land. Not only did they barbarously assassinate the Liberals, but their families; even children of nine and ten years of age were cruelly murdered, so that not a vestige of Liberalism should remain.

With such knowledge as this, and with his heart full of tender recollections of his pleasant home and its inmates, Valeriani passed his days and nights in prison. As the time wore on he became deeply oppressed, and truly, bitterly suffered; and tears such as strong men shed coursed each other down his pallid cheek.

In this way a week passed, and still he was in perfect ignorance of the cause of his captivity. At the end of the week he asked to be allowed to see his wife and children; but he was at once refused, and his gaoler told him that he was ordered not to answer him any questions. The wretched Valeriani was treated like a great criminal, not being allowed to speak to or see any one belonging to him. Thus a month passed away, and no one knew or heard anything of the man who had once been their Commissaire. Cruelties of every description still went on, and the smiling Italian country was made the scene of many an Austrian barbarity.

One morning Valeriani was sitting in his cell—not the man who had entered it a month before, but a miserable heart-broken shadow, yet still retaining that unassuming dignity which the real culprit can never possess—when some soldiers entered it, and, putting more chains upon him, told him to follow them. He did so; and, when arrived at the gate of the prison, he was told to get into a sort of covered *calèche*, into which the four soldiers followed him. He now took

courage, and thought that he was going to Bologna to be tried, and hoped, with a kind of desperation, that his innocence could not fail to be proved; still totally ignorant of what he was accused.

The carriage rolled on through scenes he knew but too well, and visions of a happier future with his beloved wife and children made the stout heart quiver with tender hope, and the eyes dim with tears, which did not discredit his manhood. He had had no trial, for as yet no accusation had been brought against him; and his Austrian gaolers were of that kind of whom it would be impossible to ask questions. They had proceeded some distance, and had arrived at a very lonely spot where there was only a distant farm-house, when the carriage suddenly stopped, obedient to the order of him who seemed the chief of the soldiers.

When all had descended he was told to do the same: he did so, as well as his manacled limbs would permit, surprised and anxious, he scarcely knew why, at the loneliness of the place, and the cruel determination written on the face of the soldiers, who consulted together for some minutes, and then, doubtless to the great surprise of Valeriani, turned to him, and told him to go first across the field. On his expostulating with them, and asking them where he was going, a rude hand pressing him on, and a ruder voice bidding him march, was all his answer.

Poor, ill-fated, honest-hearted Valeriani! my hand trembles whilst I recount thy shameful end. Hardly had the poor fellow obeyed the harsh voice, and proceeded some twenty paces, when the sound of four guns, discharged at one time, reverberated through the still air, and the husband and father fell on his face, shot dead by the guns of these Austrian robbers and assassins. The whole scene was desecrated by a peasant, and the town was quickly in an uproar, and every one dreaded lest his turn should come next. A few of the most quiet and sensible of the people thought it better to go to the spot and verify the fact, which they did, with all due caution, and found the fresh earth turned over the remains of him who had been so cruelly and treacherously murdered. The soldiers made no secret of the affair, and the whole tragedy soon became notorious.

The public mind was greatly inflamed at the death of their countryman by these foreign tyrants, without trial, without knowing the crime of which he was accused; and many began to think it was time to raise an insurrection, and turn out these brigands, who robbed them and murdered in such a dreadful manner; but the wiser part of the people saw how impotent they were to combat unaided their Austrian foes, who had made desolate so many hearts and homes.

No pen can properly describe the horrors of that time, when the Austrian soldiers, with their fierce, cruel eyes, saw, or rather pretended to see, revolt in the quietest artisans of the town. It was truly a "reign of terror."

The people of free and happy England have generously taken an interest in Italy and the Italians, and have often shown indignation at the story of their deep wrongs; but it needs to be there, in the country where these wrongs are written in characters of fire and blood on the hearts of Italians, to understand how deep is the determination to rid the land of their foreign oppressors. The iron hand has been lifted from a part of her fertile soil, and moral and educational means must do the rest. If the pall of religious ignorance is raised from off this great and much-enduring people, if, without touching too abruptly the *prejudices* of their faith, Scriptural education can be spread, it will enable the Italians to

see for themselves the gross errors of a religion of mere forms and ceremonies. May the truth beam from the open Bible into many a mind, enlightened by the Spirit of truth!

THE CAMPAIGNS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

In order that our readers may more readily understand the newspaper reports of the progress of the war in America, we present them, in this Number of "The Leisure Hour," with a small but correct map of Eastern Virginia, which has been the battle-ground of three hotly contested but indecisive campaigns, and the field of operations of that "Grand Army of the Potomac," of which of late years so much mention has been made. Lying, as this section of Virginia does, between the Federal and Confederate capitals, it has been hitherto, and probably will continue to be, the most stirring and interesting seat of the great civil war, notwithstanding the campaigns in the South and West, and the naval operations on the sea-coast; for within the comparatively limited area of territory set forth in our map there have occurred, within the last three years, probably a greater number of severely contested battles, involving a greater amount of bloodshed and slaughter, with less decisive results, than on any territory of similar limits in the world.

At all events, modern history records no such dark catalogue of strife, bloodshed, and slaughter, within so short a time and so limited a space, as the history of the last three years on the banks of the Potomac.

When the difficulties between the Northern and Southern States first assumed a warlike aspect, the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, was selected as the Confederate capital; but it soon became apparent that Montgomery was far too distant from any spot likely to be selected by the Federal authorities as the basis of warlike operations, to be a desirable site for the seat of government in the South; and when the first Southern Congress adjourned, in May, 1861, it was resolved that Richmond, Virginia, should thenceforward become the capital of the Southern Confederacy, and that Congress should reassemble in that city on the 20th of July following. There it accordingly did assemble, only a few days before the first angry blood was spilt; for the bombardment of Fort Sumter, on the 15th of the previous month of April, which really commenced the civil war, was, strangely-enough, a bloodless affray.

From the peculiar situation of Virginia as a border State, in close proximity to the Northern States' capital, possessing a long line of seaboard, and intersected by several navigable rivers and streams, it was apparent to everybody that, should it secede from the Union, it must—hallowed as was its soil to all Americans as the birth-place and burial-place and the favourite abode of General Washington—become the great battle-ground in the approaching conflict. The people of Virginia were fully aware of their perilous position. The inhabitants of the Western portion of the vast State, who are chiefly cultivators of grain, were generally favourable to the maintenance of the Union. Those of the Southern and Eastern sections—by far the more numerous—were in favour of secession, perhaps more decidedly so than the people of any other State, excepting South Carolina; yet, conscious of the ruin that would befall them should the country be plunged into civil war, they hesitated decidedly to express their opinions. It was an anxious time to all while the vote of Virginia hung trembling in

the balance. The State would prove a tower of strength to whichever side it clung. At length it declared for secession, and a jubilant shout of triumph rung throughout the South. The die was cast. Henceforward there was no possibility of drawback, and a strong Southern breastwork stood before the district of Columbia and the capital of Washington.

It was not without able judgment that the Confederate statesmen and generals selected Richmond as the basis of their primary warlike operations. Though the city is little more than a hundred miles from Washington, and a railroad journey of a few hours formerly sufficed to convey the traveller from one city to the other, a country more difficult of passage to an invading army is scarcely to be found eastward of the Alleghany Mountains. It was only necessary to control or to tear up the rails, and Richmond became almost inaccessible to an attack from any formidable body of men. The intervening district abounds in marshes, swamps, ravines, and dense forests, all capable of being turned to good account by the defenders of the soil, all affording means of forming ambuscades and pitfalls to entrap the invaders.* Yet, strange to say, it now appears that none of the Northern statesmen nor generals had any notion of the difficulties in their way when they proposed to march to Richmond, nor did the unfortunate results of one or two campaigns teach them wisdom. The Cabinet at Washington, the people of the North generally, were exasperated at the impudent defiance of the South in bringing its capital face to face, as it were, with that of the Union from which they had seceded. Nor is this to be wondered at. It was the general opinion that Richmond could be easily captured by the land forces of the North, or that, if any difficulty should intervene, the co-operation of the naval forces on the Rappahannock, the York, or the James Rivers, the position and course of which can be seen by reference to our map, would render success certain. "On to Richmond!" was the war-cry shouted from every town and city, from Washington northwards to the forests of Maine and the hills of Vermont; and so urgent were the people, that, even before they were prepared, the Government were compelled to yield, and, against the judgment of the veteran general Scott, the grand army of the North took the field under the command of General McDowell. It was thought that Richmond must fall; that the capture of this seat of government would be a fatal blow to the hopes of the Secessionists; that a road onward to Charleston would be opened to the Federal forces; and that, under the combined attack of the army and the naval squadron, this latter city—like the nucleus and focus of Secessional principles—must also yield, and the rebellion, by one bold *coup de force*, be at once crushed out of existence. The result of this seemingly well-planned but ill-directed attack, the triumphant advance through Centreville, the battle and unexpected defeat at Bull's Run, the total rout and disorderly *saute qui peut* flight of the Northern army, the immediate dismissal of General Patterson, the disgrace of the unfortunate though gallant McDowell, and the appointment of General McClellan as acting commander-in-chief in his place, are matters of history too well known to need comment.

Notwithstanding the natural elation of the South over the disastrous overthrow of the Northern invaders of the soil of Virginia, and the disappointment and temporary disgust of the North, the unfortunate result of the first campaign served rather to urge the Union-

ists to a more desperate endeavour than to dishearten them. Unused to military movements, and apparently quite unable to comprehend the difficulties in the way of feeding, clothing, marshalling, and controlling large bodies of men, nearly all of whom were volunteers, averse to the necessary discipline, and strangers to the hardships and perils of a soldier's life, the people of the North would, could they have had their own way, have immediately commenced a second campaign, which must have proved equally disastrous as the first had it been entered upon without preparation.

The occupation of Richmond, next to the utter annihilation of Charleston, was still their cherished desire. "On to Richmond!" was still the battle-cry. The winter, however, was approaching, and every experienced officer was aware that no fresh offensive movements could be made until the following spring was well advanced. Besides which, new levies had to be raised, clothed, armed, and disciplined, and this would fully occupy the winter months. The Northern people were compelled to curb their impatience, and this time to submit to the better knowledge of their military chieftains. McClellan, of whom so much was expected, was proverbially slow and cautious, and determined not to risk his reputation unadvisedly. The Government also had had their eyes opened to the difficulties that stood in the way of marching troops to Richmond, unsupported by reserves and by the navy; and it was determined that the next spring campaign should unite both naval and military operations—the navy making the Rappahannock, York, and James Rivers the bases of its operations. While, therefore, a portion of the new grand army of the Potomac advanced as on the previous campaign, by way of Fairfax and Centreville towards Richmond, large bodies of soldiers embarked on board the ships of the naval squadrons, with the intention of making several distinct attacks, and thus dividing and weakening the Southern army; hoping by those means to overcome the various Southern detachments, and to unite with the main body near Richmond, and make an easy conquest of the city. Again the Federals were too sanguine in their anticipations. A second battle was fought near the narrow streamlet known as Bull's Run, which was almost as disastrous to the Northern forces as was the first. With the aid of the gun-boats on the James River, an immense body of Northern soldiers concentrated near the banks of the Chickahominy, and commenced a regular siege of Richmond, at one time approaching within a few miles of the city; but they were eventually compelled to retreat to the gun-boats with the loss of tens of thousands, by disease and the casualties of battle.

In the Northern portion of the State, Harper's Ferry, a strong Federal military post on the Potomac, above Washington, supposed to be almost impregnable, was captured during this campaign by a Confederate force under General "Stonewall" Jackson, who thus divided the honours with General Lee, the Confederate commander-in-chief; and after a series of comparatively unimportant engagements, in which both sides were alternately victors, the second grand campaign of the Potomac terminated with the approach of winter, without any advantage having been gained by the Federals.

The campaign of the Potomac in 1863, the third grand campaign of the war, was similar to that which preceded it, both in regard to the basis of its naval and military operations, and its ineffectual results; and at the present period of comparative inactivity in this quarter the positions held by the contending armies remain nearly the same as they were three years ago,

* The writer of this present article has passed over every part of the ground, and is well acquainted with its difficulties.

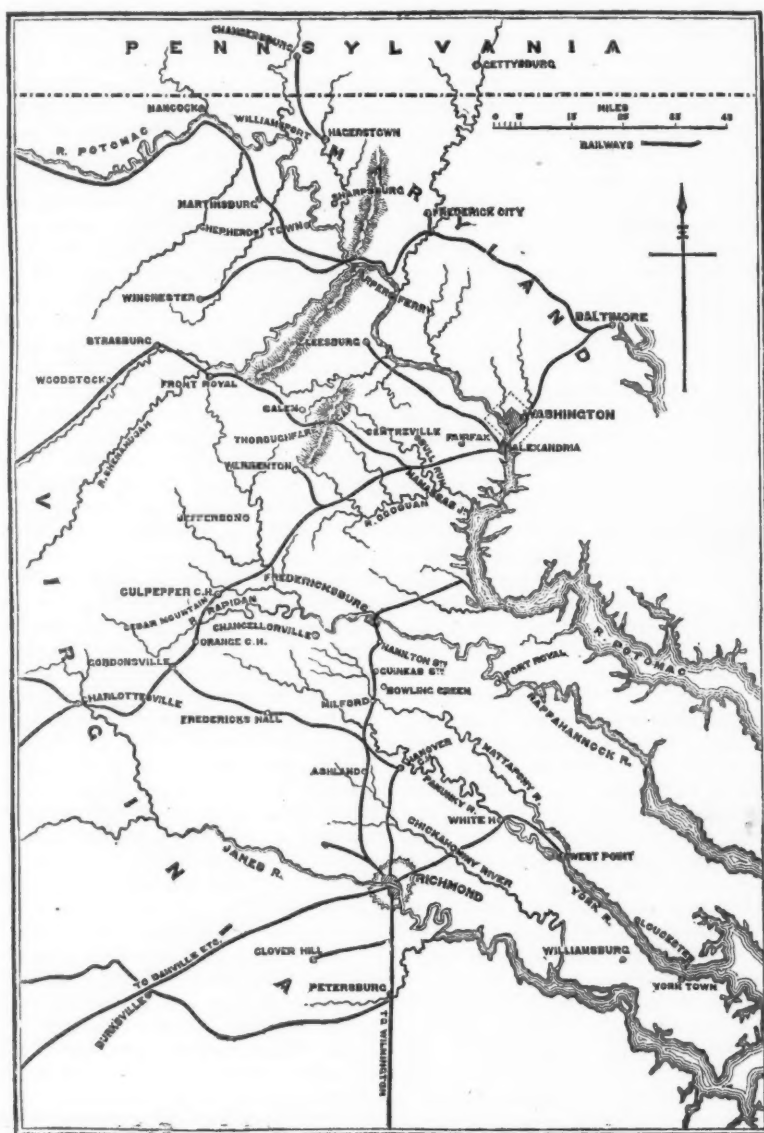
when the war first commenced. It remains to be seen whether any further attempts will be made during the approaching summer to march an army to Richmond, by way of North-Eastern Virginia.

A civil war has always proved a long and blood-thirsty strife, since the earliest history of mankind; and this now waging between a kindred people on the great Western Continent has proved no exception to the rule. The late news from America looks bad for the Federals; yet the very fact of their ill success in the South and West will probably only drive them to fresh and greater efforts. Should a great and decided advantage be gained on either side, we might hope for a termination of the fratricidal strife; but otherwise it looks as if neither would give way until exhaustion overtake one or both.

The first campaign was under the command of General McDowell, who was succeeded by General McClellan, who, failing to achieve the success expected from him, was superseded by General Hooker. Hooker also failing,

McClellan was reappointed to the chief command, and subsequently again superseded by Generals Sherman and Meade. Other generals, too numerous to specify, have held secondary commands for short periods; but all have been sooner or later superseded in consequence of ill success.

What changes may have taken place before this is in the hands of our readers it is impossible to conjecture. The latest accounts at the time we write report that General Meade has been recalled, in order to appear before the War Investigation Committee, on charges of incompetence, especially at the battle of Gettysburg. General Grant is to assume the chief command of the army of the Potomac, and has made new dispositions of the forces defending Washington. Events will show whether he is to fulfil the high expectations that have been formed of him as the man for the crisis. Halleck is now general military adviser to the Lincoln Cabinet (in place of General Scott).



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA;

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